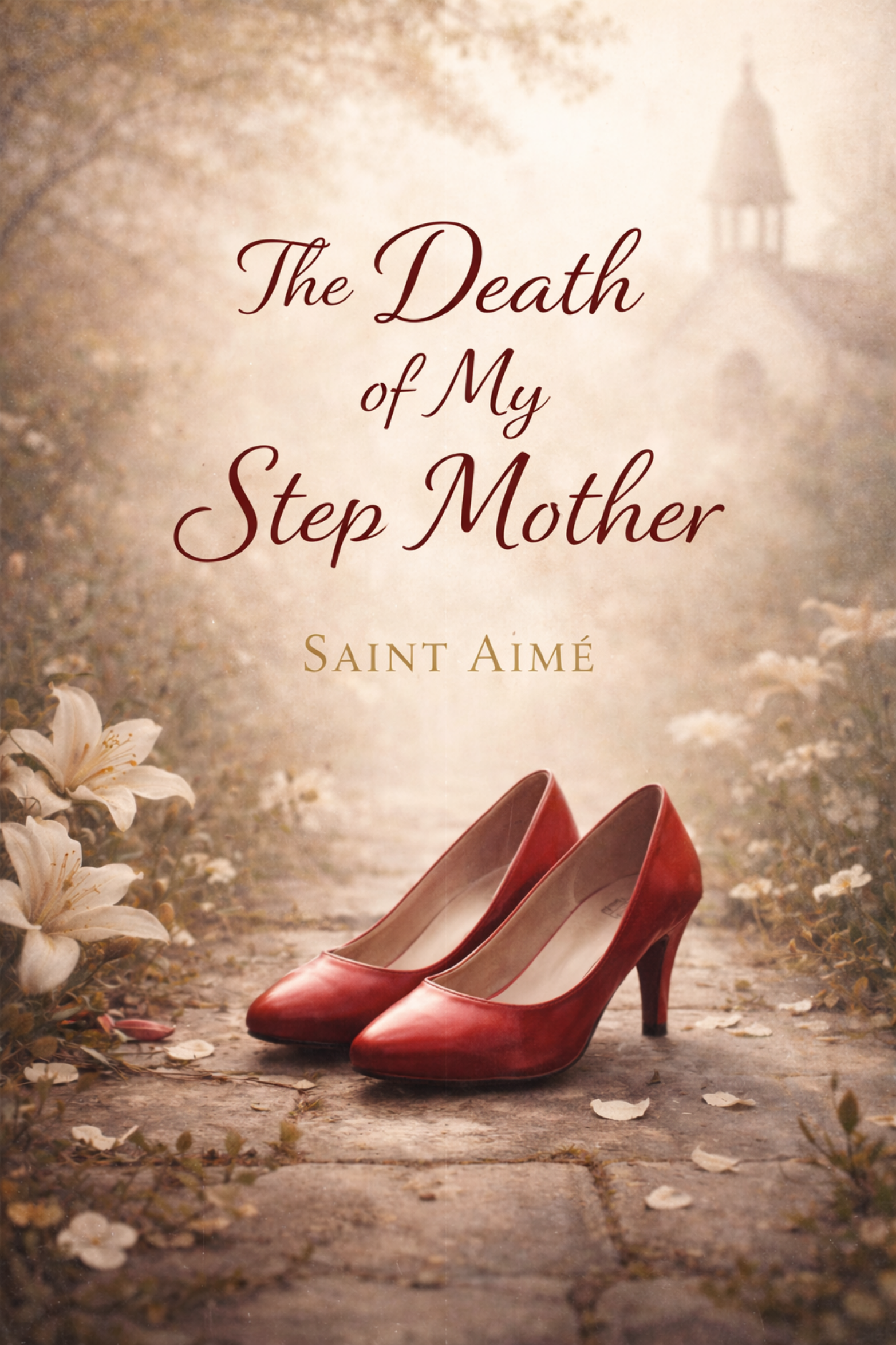
The Death of My Step Mother

Saint Aimé



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The death of my step mother

Her smile still lingers in the morning air,
bright as stone washed by rain.
Her voice—gentle, steady—
used to find me before the sun did:
Tell me what you want, I am here.
That was her daily promise.
Now the house wakes without it.

I pause before the red shoes.
They wait where memory left them.
I pretend my eyes are dry,
yet the floor knows better.
Vacations return without warning,
cinema lights, shared laughter—
scenes that end too soon.

She does not walk out with us anymore.
On the fortieth day, even light seemed unsure.
Her sea withdrew from the shore.
The church breathed in sorrow;
streets learned her name again
through tears.

Hands shook, voices broke—
we discovered how heavy
one absence can be.
I say little now.
My heart speaks in its own way.
Hope is the only thing
that stays standing.

Somewhere beyond time,
I believe our paths remember each other.

You mattered.
And love, once given,
does not learn how to leave.